

The New Northwest.
MRS. A. J. DUNNAY, Editor and Proprietor.
OFFICE—Cor. Front and Stark Streets.
TERMS, IN ADVANCE:
One year \$2.00
Six months 1.75
Three months 1.00

The New Northwest.

The New Northwest.
A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity,
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly
Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrong
of the Masses.

VOLUME IV. PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1874. NUMBER 33.

AMIE AND HENRY LEE;

The Spheres of the Sexes.
BY MRS. A. J. DUNNAY.
[Revised, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Mrs. A. J. Dunnay, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]
CHAPTER XV.
The marriage of May Hastings with Mr. Robert Green had been postponed for a year. Such was the grief of the family over the unaccountable absence of Alice that the health of Mrs. H. began to fall, and it was feared that she was going rapidly into a decline. Medical skill, seaside resorts, mountain fastnesses and rural retreats were resorted to in turn, but without benefit; and now, it was decided that while she was yet able to do the honors of her house, the grand wedding should be celebrated in a style becoming the wealthiest family in Portsmouth.
The invalid mother was reclining by her daughter's side in the carriage, when May, in doing the shopping necessary for the preparation of the bridal trousseau, ordered the driver to stop in front of Miss Lee's Emporium.
"You're not going in there?" said the mother, protestingly.
"Indeed I am!" was the ungracious reply. "Miss Lee's milliner is the only milliner in Portsmouth that I would trust to make my bridal millinery. You ought to have seen Net O'Toolles' bridal bonnet. You know she's going to be married next month to 'Dolph Fitz-foolde. I don't know but I'd be willing to marry him myself to get such an outfit. Her bonnets, especially! You'd have thought that Alice planned them. You know her taste was always better than anybody else's."
May bounded from the carriage and left her mother gazing abstractedly through the window, as if striving to get a glimpse of the milliner whom her daughter so enthusiastically eulogized. Amie had been compelled to yield to the commands of a raging headache, brought on by nervousness and anxiety about her profligate brother, and had reluctantly yielded the sales-room to Alice, while endeavoring to sleep off her indisposition during the long afternoon.
Alice, who was now well known in the city as Miss Lee Clerg, went forward with a nervous trepidation which the reader may imagine, but the writer cannot describe.
It would not have been possible for her to avoid waiting upon the customer had Amie been present, for May was determined that none but the milliner who was to make the hats should receive her orders.
The work of making selections to please the fickle fancies of the bride elect was long and tedious.
"Mother," called May, impulsively, as she stepped to the door, "you'd better drive home and not wait for me. I can walk."
"Don't be late getting to dinner!" "No!" went to go home and rest contented till I get there. I'm going to watch Miss Lee Clerg till she gets one of my hats finished."
After an infinite amount of handling flowers and laces, selecting this and rejecting that combination, trying one style and then another, as is the wont of ladies whose ideas center upon dress, the choice of the customer fell upon the very articles which Alice at first suggested.
"You are so much like my lost sister!" May exclaimed.
"Indeed!" answered Alice, while her hands trembled and she feared that she might faint.
"Yes; you are much like her. You have her eyes, form and face; but your complexion isn't like hers. She had such beautiful complexion, blonde hair and all. If she were only here I'd not trouble my brain for a minute about selecting material for these hats."
"Play that I'm your sister Alice, then, and see if I don't get them up to suit you."
"Capital! I'll do it," replied May, with a laugh. "Do you know," she rattled on, "I always will believe that she'll come home safe and sound some day." Then suddenly, as if a new thought had struck her, she exclaimed: "Did you ever see Miss Lee carrying or wearing expensive jewelry?"
"I think not. A woman in her business finds enough to do to buy food and clothes, especially if she has to support such a family as she maintains. Why did you ask the question?"
"Mr. Green—my affianced, you know—says that Miss Lee once took some very valuable jewelry like that which he had seen my sister wear, to the assaying office to learn its value. Now, I wouldn't mind paying you handsomely if you would contrive to find her jewelry and show it to me."
Alice unconsciously drew herself up haughtily.
"You don't mean to insinuate that you have any suspicion that Miss Lee possesses your sister's jewels?"
"Oh, no! not that—at least—not exactly; but, you know, my brother cares a great deal for her. I beg your pardon—of course you don't know—but, at any rate, my husband that is to be—and May blushed scarlet as she spoke—"my husband that is to be would have a better opinion of her than he does if he could be positive that she knows nothing about my sister's whereabouts."
"Well, Miss Hastings," and Alice as-

sumed an independent tone and manner that became her finely, "I assure you that if Miss Lee knew anything about your sister's wanderings and would confide that knowledge to me, I'd die before I'd tell on her."
"Oh, you needn't be offended. I was only seeking a good opportunity to clear up your employer's character in the estimation of Mr. Green and the public."
If Alice had spoken her own sentiments just then, she would have answered, "And if Miss Lee were not possessed with the forbearing spirit of an angel she'd horsewhip the grand rascal." But she was bent upon a profitable pecuniary transaction, and so, to steady her nerves, she bit vigorously at her thread, and snapping it in two, began making an effort to thread a needle with an eye too fine to admit the silk she was using.
"What has Mr. Green been saying that was derogatory to the character of Miss Lee?" she asked at length.
"I am not at liberty to tell," was the cautious answer. "But I learn from some conversations he has lately held with mamma that she is being strongly suspected by the police of having been in some way connected with a conspiracy to aid my sister in escaping."
"Then I should say, Miss Hastings, that you would never make a very skillful detective. Suppose Miss Lee had been guilty as charged in your mamma's indictment, of what avail would it be for you to come here and put her employees upon their guard? I assure you that I would never think of this warning her if I had your—or, rather—Mr. Green's suspicions."
"Did you ever see my sister?" queried May, abruptly.
"You will recollect," was the adroit reply, "that I came to this store after your sister absconded, and have been made acquainted with many of the alleged circumstances of her departure through the gossip of the customers."
"Puff the illusion longwise across the crown, so," said the sister, changing the subject. "I want a sprig of forget-me-nots in this hat, to wear with my demi-train Irish poplin. And I saw a choice aigrette in the show-case. Make a rosette of blonde lace and velours and finish it with that."
"You're terribly concerned about your poor sister," thought Alice, proceeding to obey.
"I believe it is currently reported that your sister shipped before the mast," said the milliner.
"I know people say so, but, somehow, I can't really believe it. She told me she would, though; but I have always fancied that she did it to put me on a false scent."
"Does her mother grieve after her much?" and Alice's tones grew tremulous.
"Oh, terribly! She is really going into a decline. I sometimes think Alice might come back for a little while, secretly, just to let mother know where she is. I'm confident she's not hiding from her. Oh, my hat is just lovely! Do you know that, though you don't look much like her, you somehow strangely remind me of my lost sister? But, mercy! how I do run on! I must go now; but examine Miss Lee's jewels, won't you? There's a dear."
"Oh, I can tell you all about her jewels now, if you would like to listen."
May's features quickly lost their indifferent and happy cast, and she looked into the eyes of her sister half in tears and wholly in earnest.
"Miss Lee's jewels consist of seven brothers and sisters who are wholly dependent upon her thrift and energy for livelihood and education. One of these jewels is a cheat of the first water, and is much more expensive than ornamental. If to these I add a jet brooch and a plain gold circlet—your brother's gift, I judge—you have the stock complete. She seldom wears her brooch, a simple ribbon or spray of flowers becoming her better; and I have even heard her regret purchasing the trinket as a piece of extravagance. She got it at the dollar store."
"Miss Lee Clerg, you're laughing at me!" was the somewhat petulant reply.
"But, after all, I don't blame you. Bring my hat this evening, won't you? I want mamma to see if she can suggest any alterations. You've played the role of Alice Hastings to perfection this afternoon."
Mr. Robert Green was closeted long with the editor-in-chief of the *Every Morning Gazette*. What the conversation related to the subordinates around the office did not know.
Once or twice, when "copy" was short, the factotum usually dubbed "devil," who is an omnipresent necessity in all well-regulated newspaper establishments, ventured to intrude upon the editorial presence, only to meet with an impatient rebuff, which invariably caused him to report to the foreman that "scissorsings" were yet in order. This, of course, caused discontented mutterings among the journeymen printers, who, having an eye to rapidly accumulating "thousands," had a natural affinity for "fat" or "loaded" editorials, and an equally natural aversion to "lean" or "solid" clippings.
"There's a new gal at the 'Walk In and Welcome,'" said Mr. Green; "a regular stunner. Whenever I see such a

glorious animal I think it's a deuced pity that she lives common. If I didn't have a keen scent after old Hastings' money bags, which my new fortune, luckily, had a successful itchin' for, I'd make up to her and get her out of the 'Walk In.' She'd make a splendid ornament to a bachelor's club-room. But the worst of it is, when you get such a biped on her metal, ten to one if she don't throw off on you and blow you an' all that. I've got to go cautious till I get married. Then, when the settlements' made, and my spirited Hastings filly gets harnessed for life, I'll have plenty of time to hunt up an affinity."
"Why do you come to me with such talk?" said Henry Lee, who was really taking his first lesson in total depravity.
"Because it's a principle in nature that when you're a good fellow yourself, and haven't a chance—for various reasons, pecuniary and otherwise—to appropriate an enjoyable bargain, it's a principle in nature, I say, to turn that bargain over to a friend, the more especially if that friend is an editor, whom it's to your interest to oblige, you know."
"I don't fairly understand you, sir."
"Then, pardon me, but you're as green as a July persimmon."
Henry Lee had become so greatly elated over the many flattering encomiums bestowed upon him by the press and people throughout the country during the previous year that he could ill afford to brook the half-ironical insinuations of his friend. But negotiations were now on foot by which he hoped to secure substantial aid from Mr. Green in establishing himself as a stockholder in the *Gazette*, and instead of resenting the insinuation, he became invested with a sudden desire to overcome his veridicality.
"I have a deep curiosity to visit your stunner, as you call this strange, fair and frail woman," said he. "Is she a regular inmate of the 'Walk In and Welcome'?"
"Oh, yes. Came on the last steamer. She's very imperious and distant, as yet; but I noticed an elegant necklace that she wore, which I want you to see for a special reason."
"Very well. I'll go around to-night after nine o'clock. I'll have to finish my writing and attend the club first."
"Then I'll not detain you longer. You'll be sure to be on hand?"
"You may rely upon me."
Henry Lee addressed himself assiduously to his leader, and had become deeply engrossed in it, when a voice, tangible only to his inner senses, whispered:
"Beware!"
"What was that?" he queried, mentally; but though he listened long, no repetition of the mysterious sound was heard.
"I guess I'm a fool!" he exclaimed, impatiently.
"Wicked steps take hold on hell!" said the voice, as soon as he was again oblivious to all else except his writing.
"Hang it all!" exclaimed the boy, now almost nineteen, and indeed a boy in years, though already old in editorial experience. "Hang it all! I believe I'm bewitched this afternoon. Here, Tom!" bringing down his fist with an emphasis that brought the factotum suddenly to his side, "take these paragraphs and these clippings to the foreman. Tell him to print the general news as editorial—loaded, I mean; and make a leader of this dissertation on morals from the *Parlor Evangel*."
"All right, sir," and the "devil" drew his type-stained fingers across his nose and retreated, bearing the message to his destination.
"What!" queried the foreman, who was looked upon as a sort of oracle by the other office employees. "What?" he repeated, "does the editor mean to commit literary piracy? The *Bugle* will be after him with a red-hot pencil if I obey him. However, it isn't my funeral. I can stand it if he can."
"The editor of the *Bugle* won't know it's stolen," said the factotum. "That is, not unless you tell him—an I guess I wouldn't! Might lose your place!"
This very gentle admonition produced a very salutary effect. Suffice it to say that the stolen editorial was widely circulated and well received, and the *Evening Bugle*, the rival paper, usually called *Bugle* for short, was pleased to copy some of the most lucid paragraphs upon the "Woman Question," especially those that threw most light upon the approaching and much-to-be-dreaded immortality of the masses, which was sure to follow the impossible event which was everywhere being widely agitated—an unaccountable wonder considering the impossibility—when woman, freed from the domination of the protecting sex, and empowered with the privilege to protect herself, shall suddenly deluge the world with sensuality and corruption, which now are only stayed in their course by the superior law-making and vice-restraining power of the protecting and purse-holding sex.
The appointed hour found Henry Lee, Esq., editor-in-chief of the *Every Morning Gazette*, sitting at an elegant round table in the sumptuous public parlor of the notorious "Walk In and Welcome," while close by his side, and near enough for him to count the respirations of her heaving bosom, sat the strange young woman in the gleaming necklace, whom

he had been attracted to the place to visit. Henry Lee was painfully aware of his promiscuous awkwardness. True, the coarse clothing and clumsy mud-clogged boots in which the reader first beheld him, had long since given place to snowy linen, exquisite patent-leather, and conventional broadcloth; but his broad, honest hands toyed nervously, as he sat at the table with a very incipient and somewhat uncouth mustache.
"Miss, or Madam," said he, at last, "will you please to tell me your name?"
"I was introduced to you as Rosa De La Vere. You may call me Madam Rosa if you like. Of course you have not learned my real name, and I do not intend that you shall. But I like the looks of you. Do you often come here?"
Henry blushed deeply—probably because of his veridicality in matters and maunions of such character, but answered truthfully that he had hitherto but seldom visited such resorts.
The woman, who could not have been more than one year his senior, rendered herself an extremely agreeable companion. Not one indelicate word or act did he notice, and he was especially struck with the respectful deference paid her, as by common consent, by all the women-protectors in the gorgeous saloon.
A great bronzed clock stood at the farther end of the parlor, which regularly, at the hour of twelve, opened two ponderous doors, and from behind their cavernous depths a majestic Hercules stepped forth upon a platform, and with steady and deliberate strokes upon a great suspended silver bell, caused the whole house to ring with a well-understood summons to retire for the night.
For he it known that the righteous city of Portsmouth had recently awakened to an alarming discovery. Places of immoral resort were open long after midnight, and while it was "unconstitutional" to deprive the worthy and license-paying proprietors of these places of the "right to keep them open at all," it was considered "right" and "proper" to "regulate" the "privileges of establishments of the kind, by a gentle restriction concerning late hours. Any time after 12 M. was wisely considered "late hours" by the discreet and law-abiding fathers of the commercial emporium of an independent commonwealth.
"Mr. Lee," said the woman, with a rapturous smile, "you see that the hour is late. I have enjoyed the evening's chat amazingly. When may I have the pleasure of its repetition?"
The fascination of a strong temptation was upon the boy; but, as he looked into her melting eyes, the same sweet, still small voice that had whispered in his ear during the afternoon, repeated the warning words, "Beware! Wicked steps take hold on hell!"
Turning suddenly, as if to tear himself away from the poisonous presence, he started down the stairs and encountered Mr. Robert Green.
"Ain't she a stunner?" he whispered, eagerly. "Did you notice that magnificent necklace? It used to belong to Alice Hastings. When last seen, it was in the possession of your beautiful sister, Amie Lee?"
"Oh, my God!" exclaimed the bewildered brother. "Is Amie Lee a thief and robber?"
Rushing down the steps, and out into the starlit night, he hastened to his home, and tossed upon his couch in vain attempt to sleep, till far into the gilded autumn morning.
[To be continued.]

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN WYOMING.

BY REV. IN. J. FIERCK.
Women were given the right of suffrage by the first Wyoming Legislature as a joke. Two or three wise heads favoring the idea presented the proposal, not as a matter of right, but of notoriety, inducing the Legislature to grant it as an advertisement. It was confidently expected by many that the privilege would never be accepted.
At the same session, the right to sit on the jury was also ceded, although a conflicting sentence in another part of the code has withdrawn the women from the jury since the second year. When the first jury was drawn at Laramie, four, at least, of the five ladies drawn were intelligent, earnest Christian women who, when the judge informed them of his willingness to excuse any not wishing to serve, surprised all and shocked not a few by answering, "We all propose to serve." Their term of office may fitly be called "the reign of terror for evil doers." Finding a dead Sunday law on the statute books, they revived it, shut up every saloon and place of business on Sunday, fined several for breaking over, and administered justice, as Judge Howe afterward testified, in as able and judicious a manner as any jury he ever addressed. I am not acquainted with the results of the first female jury in Cheyenne, but in Laramie, owing to the strong principle and intelligence of the women, aided by a faithful grand jury, it returned the city, giving it a reign of quiet never since attained. This was in the spring of 1870.
On the following September the first election was held under the law, and for several days the women were quietly discussing the propriety of voting. Two candidates for Delegate to Congress were before the people, besides several county officers. The one, a promising judge in the Territory, was the favorite of the moral, order-loving citizens; the other, a frequenter of saloons, a man of wealth, but lately removed to Colorado, was relying on the lower element for support. It was rumored that the latter had been instructed to keep back all his female supporters till nearly night, and thus, at the last moment, cut off the hope of the other party. An old grand-mother in Laramie, seventy-five years of age by the name of Swain, beloved by all, rose early on election day and declared her influence should be used to overcome such a fraud, and accordingly, knowing that example is better than precept, voted the first ticket after the opening of the polls, and unconsciously won the credit of being the first female voter in the United States in modern days. Women rallied their friends, many voted who, though conscientiously opposed to the ballot, felt that this was their only hope, and about 3 P. M. our liquor friend was heard to remark, "These women are raising the devil with us!" The next morning the separated count proved that women defeated fraud and whisky.
This was the first election. Women had voted, and that independently, often scratching their husbands' tickets, but never, as I heard, quarreling with them about it. I never saw a more quiet day. Men accustomed to curse and swear knew too well the danger to their party to behave unseemly; and to this day, no woman has been insulted at the polls of Wyoming, or has witnessed scenes one-half so degrading as the sight of a drunken man reeling across her path in the street.
The talk about neglecting households is purely nonsense. Any man with a particle of decency would so arrange as to allow his wife to call occasionally. What if she spent half an hour in voting? Happily for Wyoming, the women who have led have been the best wives and best house-keepers. Yet the agitation of Woman's Rights are unpopular there, and in no place is there less said about rights.
I last year the expected opposition to Woman Suffrage appeared in shape. They were voted out of both Independent and Republican caucuses, though properly included in the call for voters. They then held a Woman's Convention, and selected two women and three men as their ticket for the Legislature. These men were selected from the other tickets in hope of securing a temperance ticket. But a band was organized against them and two hundred men signed a pledge to vote for no man who allowed his name to be used on a woman's ticket. The men, fearful of defeat, consulted with their party. Two resigned their places on the women's ticket, and one stood firm and was defeated.
Woman Suffrage is no panacea for all ills, but if accompanied with proper intelligence, and an earnest Christian and moral purpose, it cannot fail to add an important moral element to the franchise. Its practical workings have been good where properly managed, but in Evanston it has been a damage, because good women would not vote and gave their enemies the balance of power.
Woman's naturally superior moral character will purify the cesspool, and I do not believe it would seriously tarnish her robe. But woe to that State or Territory which introduces universal suffrage in advance of a general intelligence and a firm moral sentiment. It merely multiplies the evil without furnishing a possible remedy.
Portland, August 19, 1874.

A Kind Word for the Sisterhood.

BY LAURA A. HUBBARD.
The great honor accorded by the world to the position of wife and mother has given rise to some very absurd delusions in regard to the character of unmarried women, and led married ones of average capacity to rather over-estimate the importance and value of the position in the world, as compared with that of their single sisters. One of the delusions referred to is the very general impression which prevails, that there must certainly be something abnormal in the nature of a woman who voluntarily remains unmarried.
Said a lady to me, who had come away from hearing Charlotte Cushman read, strongly impressed with the character and imposing personality of her character and culture: "Who'd think she was an old maid!" The surprise expressed in the tones and words of the person who uttered this exclamation is only what has probably been felt by hundreds of others on beholding this superb model of womanhood. That so grand and cultured a woman should voluntarily remain unmarried, is something which people of small understanding cannot, nor ever will understand.
It is very common to hear people exclaim of a single woman, whose social and feminine graces are such as to call forth a spontaneous and hearty tribute of admiration and friendship from those about her, "What a pity she isn't married!" as if matrimony were the *summum bonum* of every woman's mission in life. As straws show which way the wind blows, do these seemingly trifling and involuntary exclamations of individual opinion manifest a strong and unfeeling prejudice against unmarried women. Another result of the undue importance given to marriage over and above every other relation or position that woman fills, is that less married women are believed that they possess superior virtues, and occupy a sphere that calls for a greater exercise of the spirit of self-abnegation. Hence we hear a great deal of what may be termed "conformity" about the self-sacrificing nature of the duties of a wife and mother's position. From the earnestness and emphasis with which they dwell upon the matter, we would suppose, if one did not believe to the contrary, that they had assumed the position from a solemn sense of duty instead of being impelled to it by a strong human love, such as might be made all things easy and pleasurable.
Though the writer estimates highly the dignity of a married woman's position and fully understands all its duties and responsibility it involves, yet she never could see, when a woman married for love, why the labor she performs should be termed one of self-sacrifice. In entering the conjugal relation, and assuming the duties that belong to it, she only follows out the strongest craving of her nature. A woman, to be sure, may give birth to children so frequently as to seriously deplete her vital energies, or, unfortunate circumstances may compel her to such exhausting bodily labor in caring for her family, or helping her husband to get a living, as to bring on ill-health and depression of spirits to such a degree as to make the rest and quiet of the grave a pleasant prospect. But these troubles, though frequent, are merely incidental to the duty, and do not come in other forms to all women. If labor and sickness and perplexing trials came only with husband and children, then the married woman might justly claim to make all the sacrifice of spirits to her own personal interest. This a happily married woman certainly does not do, because her husband, her children, and her home constitute the integral parts of what are her own and her dearest interests. But the same cannot be said of the duties and labors that are merely incidental to the married woman's position. Many a single woman is compelled to perform the hard task of overseeing a household and bringing up children, without any of the compensating and sweetening benefits of reciprocal love to lighten the burden of her ungenial and thankless toil, such as comes to the wife and mother.
It cannot be denied that many a married woman's life is a hard one, in the sense of a restricted, dwarfing sphere of thought and action, and the laborious and oftentimes exhausting nature of their duties, yet so strong is the natural instinct and desire to do good, and the thing upon which to center their thoughts, labor and affections, that to most women it calls for a greater sacrifice to forever forego all hope and possibility of reciprocal love to her children, than to endure all the care and labors which wifehood and maternity bring. Hence I assume it to be all-forgotten for the world to talk of the self-sacrificing nature of a married woman's work, when they are only doing what they desire to; or talk of the superior importance of their mission, if moral development is the object of the love to the truth, as if there is one position more than another wherein are developed the higher attributes of human nature, it is in that of the unmarried woman of advanced years; and if there is any human being who deserves canonization for the greatest amount of unselfish, unremunerative, unappreciated labor which they perform, it is the dependent old maid.
Who does not know of some unobtrusive woman of this class, who makes herself the maid of all work in some family where affection seems to be doled out to her according to her willingness to shoulder all the disagreeable tasks of the household, yet who bears the loneliness and dependence of her position with a meek uncomplainingness that is indescribably sad and touching. There is a dim consciousness of the self-sacrificing nature of such a life, expressed in the commiseration which people really seem to feel for the woman who has missed marriage. Hence I assume, when it comes to talking about self-sacrifice, no one so well knows the meaning of the word as does the dependent, commonplace, single woman. But the *role* of the meek and humble martyr to her life labors and her duties has so long been accorded by a sort of universal consent, to the married woman, that the unobtrusive virtues of the single sisterhood have been hitherto overlooked.—*Ladies Own Magazine*.

Pastor and Parishioner.

The New York *Observer*, a religious journal of extensive influence and circulation, thus discourses upon the sentimental relation that so frequently exists between pastor and parishioners:
The establishment of such relations between a pastor and his flock is small secure for him that intimacy which ought to exist only in the domestic circle is an evil of fearful tendency and unspeakable danger. Ministers are censurable in a high degree who encourage their people, men or women, to come to them with family matters or secret sorrows. Some men are themselves gossips, and delight to get and give all they can of social news, and the more secret the richer the prize. They encourage revelations when their ears should be deaf to everything approaching to scandal. All injudicious pastor discourages familiarity on the part of their people, especially of the female denomination.
For this way lies the danger. A silly woman, pious perhaps, but very soft and shallow, hears the stirring words of her eloquent pastor; is roused, warmed, soothed, exalted—she thinks *edified*—and straightaway she believes him to be the man sent to do her good. She goes to his study to tell him how all they can of social news, and the more secret the richer the prize. They encourage revelations when their ears should be deaf to everything approaching to scandal. All injudicious pastor discourages familiarity on the part of their people, especially of the female denomination.
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